

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

WORTHY OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY ELAIS SEE.

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"TALK about the quiet of a village," muttered Larry Elliott, as he sleepily arose on the second morning of his vacation at Angiersville, "but if there's a quiet moment from the time the first robin chirps at daybreak until the village band quits practicing at midnight I haven't been able to locate it."

A few moments later Larry was out for a walk before breakfast. Ignoring the narrow strip of concrete sidewalk, he was swinging along in the middle of the street when he gave a low, indrawn whistle, for coming toward him from the dusty road which led down by the railroad was a slim girl in a soft white waist and khaki skirt. The tint of her copper-colored hair blending with the brown centered yellow daisies she carried, and Larry's delightful admiration shone in his frank, brown eyes.

Just then the village quiet was broken by the excited yells of a small boy whose three cows being driven to pasture decided to bolt their keeper's care and dash back to the lot where their lately weaned calves stood hawling. Along the road, just behind the girl, the clumsy animals swung, moaning rumbly and tossing their heads angrily. The girl turned her head and took one glance at them, but stood motionless with fright. Onward lunged the cows and the small boy continued to yell excitedly. Larry bounded to the girl's side. With one hand he took hold of her arm and with the other he waved his Panama hat wildly back and forth in the faces of the cows, whose lumbering gait came to a sudden halt. The next instant, though, they swerved to either side and went on toward their crying offspring. Larry could feel the girl's arm trembling, but he looked at her with such a friendly, amused smile that she laughed.

"Thank you for rescuing me." Her voice was a bit tremulous. "I've had a foolish terror of cows all my life, though never before have I had any real reason to fear them."

"Glad to be of service," said Larry, and hoping to prolong the conversation, he ventured to add, "For fear the ogres might renew the attack at some other point on your journey, won't you let me go along to wave them away again?" He held up his hat threateningly, and both of them laughed.

"Ogres are as nothing to the tongues of the village gossips, Sir Knight of the Panama," said the girl demurely.

"Oh, bother the tongues and the thousand other things in this burg which won't keep quiet."

"But every moment we stand here makes material for those tongues," said the girl, taking a backward step, "so I must move on. Thank you, again."

"For your sake I'll move on, too, but if I can find a way to meet you according to the ethics of the gossips, have I your permission?" Larry's eyes were pleading so earnestly that the girl smiled and pulled a long-kneed daisy from the bunch she carried.

"Yes, and here's a mascot," tossing him the flower. "May it bring you luck."

Larry returned to his breakfast with a contented smile and a ravenous appetite. As his landlady bustled about the sunny, rag-carpeted dining-room, he longed to ask her about the girl he had met, but knew it would be unwise. He felt that the charming girl was in the sleepy village, but not of it.

"Would that I had been bidden to call upon her instead of upon the prim spinster who was my grandmother's boarding school chum," Larry sighed at this thought, but sto-

LEADER OF ULTRA-EXCLUSIVE SET PROVES GIRL MAY WIN SUCCESS IN SPITE OF RICHES



MISS PHOEBE RAISCH, SOCIETY LEADER, WHO IS ALSO PHOEBE HUNT, LEADING WOMAN IN STOCK.

SEATTLE, Wash., Sept. 6.—Phoebe Raisch, leader of the younger society set of San Francisco.

Phoebe Hunt, leading woman of Seattle stock company. The two are one and the same girl. Not until a party of San Franciscans came up here and "spilled the beans" did Seattle dream of her identity. And now the playgoers who learned to like stock productions since Miss Raisch came to town, are doubly interested in her—since they know that she comes

from the bluest of the blue-blooded families of California. "I went on the stage because I like the work. I left society because another six months of it would have driven me crazy," is the way Miss Raisch explains it all.

She chose stock as a stepping stone to higher dramatic work. She has the courage to succeed and a host of her admirers predict that her ability and indomitable will power will carry her to the heights.

Arabella, and falling from a cherry tree. "She's sitting on the ground now a-holding of her ankle," said the woman, "and vowing she won't come in till you've gone to the Ladies' Aid, but I knew you'd hold me to account, if I didn't tell you."

"Very well, Maggie," Miss Mortimer's tone indicated that the servant was dismissed from further obligation.

"Do let me be of service," said Larry eagerly. "Can't I assist the lady to the house?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Elliott, and I think we'd better make haste to the orchard." Miss Mortimer led the way out through a French window as she spoke.

As they hurried through the orchard toward the cherry trees along its farthest slope, Larry saw a white-clad woman seated on the ground holding her left ankle with both hands. A large Leghorn sun hat hid her face and shoulders so that not until Miss Mortimer's anxious questions caused the wounded Miss Penelope to raise her head did Larry have a thrill as he recognized the girl of his early morning adventure.

"Auntie, I'm sorry to cause you such anxiety," said Penelope.

"But, Neppie, dear, are you badly hurt?"

"I think not, though it does hurt when I try to stand."

Miss Mortimer looked anxiously from her niece to Larry and remembered that they had not been introduced.

"Mr. Elliott, pardon me for not presenting you to my niece, Miss Bachelor; Penelope, Mr. Elliott, the grandson of a dear friend of mine."

"And eager to be of service to a lady in distress," said Larry, smilingly.

A little later, as he was supporting Penelope on her slow journey toward the house and Miss Mortimer went on in advance to prepare a poultice for the injured ankle, Larry took from his pocket the daisy that Penelope had given him that morning.

"This has indeed proved a mascot," he said, "though I'm sorry that both my meetings with you have been associated with something disagreeable."

"Isn't it rather that your appearance each time helped me out of a disagreeable situation?"

"It is kind of you to put it that way, but I hope we shall meet under delightful circumstances so often that all disagreeable ones will be forgotten."

Penelope was silent for so long that Larry feared he had been precipitate, but when she spoke very softly, he was reassured.

"I'd rather remember all that has happened today than to forget the delightful part of it," she said.

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HEALTH HINTS

Do you know that working people lose millions of dollars each year from sickness?

Yet much of this sickness could be avoided if people made every possible effort to live in rooms which get sunlight and fresh air. When you realize that children, like plants, cannot grow in dark rooms sunlight and fresh air are worth extra efforts to obtain. Do not rent dark rooms for they are germ breeders.

Do not keep windows down or as many people do, nail them down. Windows are made to let light and fresh air into the house. Keep your windows open from the top and from the bottom all the time—day and night, for night air is just as good for you as day air. Then you will sleep well and stop taking colds.

Bathe every day. The man who bathes every day feels better and can hold a job longer than the man who does not.

Keep sinks and water closets clean. Pour hot water and plenty of washing soda into the sink and water closet every week. If the walls and floors around and beneath them are wood, paint the walls and floors in a light color. This makes the wood waterproof and helps to keep it clean.

Do not throw garbage into the yard. Sweepings through a hole in the floor to fall under the house.

"ANKLE LENGTH" SAYS FASHION



"Ankle Length" is Dame Fashion's order for skirts, according to styles shown at a fashion revue at Long Beach, L. I., for the benefit of the American Red Cross. The dress shown here is Georgette trimmed at the bottom with silver lace. The collar and cuffs are of Hudson seal trimmed with ermine.

FASHION SAYS FUR! YOU CAN'T MISS IT



(By BETTY BROWN.)

Your new fall suit will have fur on it—you won't have a chance in a hundred of missing a fur collar or fur cuffs.

Every new model seems to be befurred. Notice the one I have sketched here—it is one of the advance "fashion hints" from Fashion-Art

which means you can accept it as authoritative.

It's velour de laine in the most popular of colors—dregs of wine.

The long coat is full-skirted and cut on military lines; the fur which is set, put on the uneven lengths of skirt in squares rather than in a band. The muff is the football type, and the adjustable collar the last word in modishness.

Osgood's "Not How Cheap, But How Good"



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QUIET DELL.

Miss Ollie Linn, of Plum Run, who has been staying at Henry Rudy's has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rudy and children were Sunday guests at W. J. Fast's on Wickwire.

Mr. Leland Nixon of near Boothsville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rem Rudy a few days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rudy was calling at Robert Linn's on Plum Run Saturday evening.

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for home consumption or to take on outings or to business will be in order as the weather grows colder. Many appetite tempters for easy carrying here—a dozen varieties of crackers, and cheeses, potted meats, sardines, olives, jams, jellies and first creamy butter. Like sandwiches? Here's the material for their making.

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:- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"You ought to have been there!" tried Emma as she burst into my room three o'clock the next morning. "We could not accommodate half of them. A lot of people wanted to know if the girl checking hats was you, and we affirmed she was."

"You see, Paula, I made the boss get a girl with eyes and air like yours, so almost all the knowing ones who were not there the night before were sure they were looking at a real society girl at close range, when in fact they were gazing at little Patty Scarlet, the chorus girl!"

"The boss says if you will come back he will give you a \$100 a week next month and then \$25 a week twice what he ever gave to a check girl."

"If I were you, Paula, I'd do it, for you will make at least \$200 a week in tips the first month."

"Please don't ask me, Emma. I simply can't do it. I must look for another job and, Emma, I am afraid I shall never succeed."

"Why not, pray?" asked Emma sharply and then she answered her own question. "I expect it is because you have found you cannot be stared at by ginks who have minds only big enough to lodge nasty thoughts. Don't be discouraged, kiddo."

"However," she continued quickly, "I put the proposition up to you as it meant money to you and to the boss."

"Aren't there something worth more than money, dear Emma?"

"Darn few, Paula. A darn few, when it means your bread and butter. I remember some years ago I was about discouraged when a girl friend said to me."

"Don't despair, Emma. Remember to succeed you must have the courage of a lion," and spitefully I assumed the determination of a tiger, the cunning of a fox, the cooling tones of a dove and the beauty of a peacock."

"Are you describing a menagerie, Emma, or a successful woman?" I asked with a smile.

"Both, kid, both," briskly answered Emma, "for the successful woman has to take on at times the predatory instincts of every beast of prey and the charms of every wonderful bird."

"Emma, I can't understand with your experience why you have not grown pessimistic," I said curiously.

"What's the use?" she asked quickly. Pessimism doesn't get anywhere. After all, Paula, the game is worth the candle and when you have reached even a modicum of success you will have learned that however much the friendly sons of peace make a fuss about it, there is nothing in this world so exhilarating as a battle, be it of wits or fists."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(SOME PEOPLE ARE NOT EASILY SHOCKED AFTER ALL)—BY ALLMAN.

